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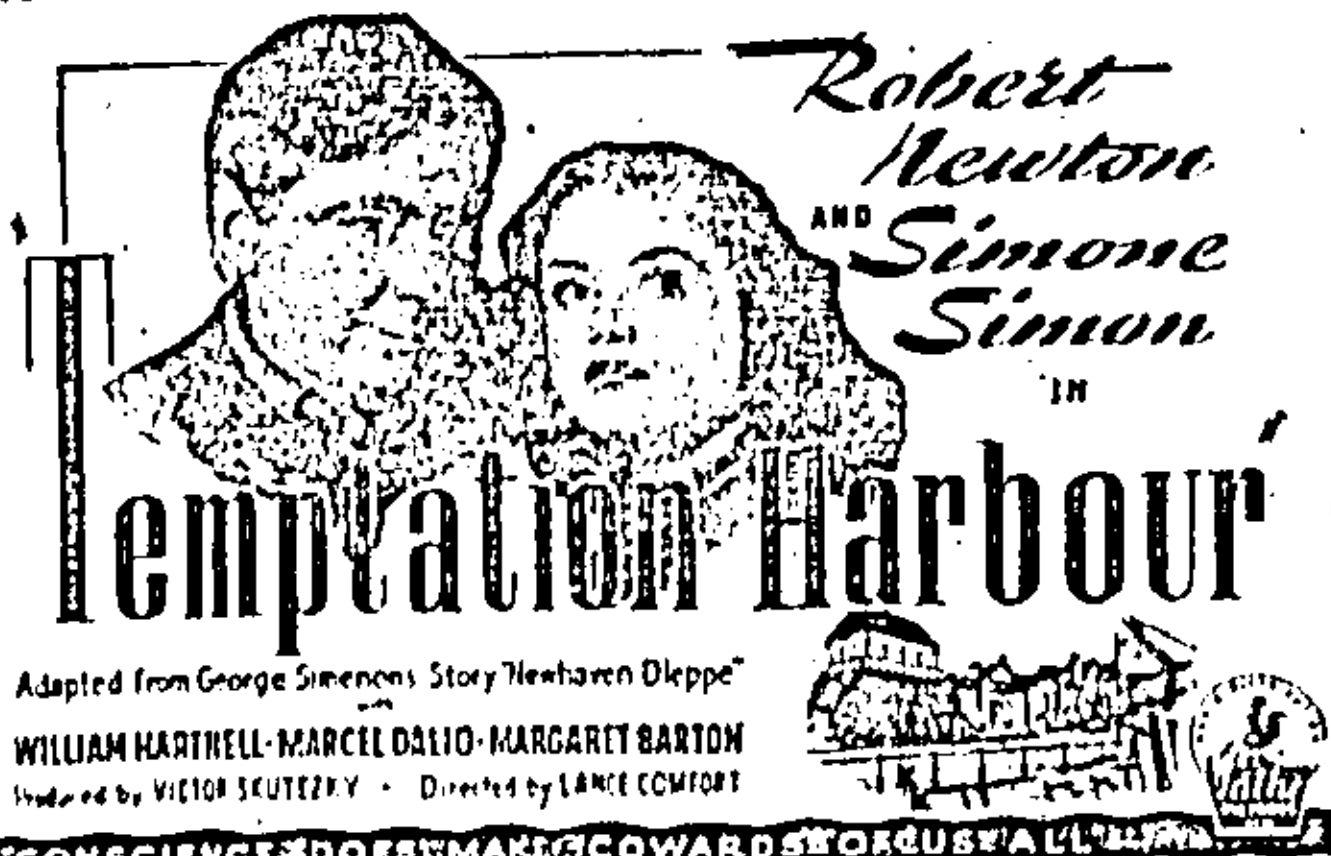
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HERO ... LEADING HIS FIGHTING LEGIONS!

Errol FLYNN • Olivia De HAVILLAND in

"THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON"

BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

If there is one thing to be
learned from the recent
sheepdog trials at Maclefield,
it is that somewhere among
the competitors were the dogs
that will be entered for the
qualifying trials for the Inter-
national Trials at Cardiff.

I need hardly say that I mean
nothing offensive in this. If the
squamous do not like it, I suggest
that they should try to put them-
selves in my position.

A dementi

INTERVIEWED, Mimsie Slop-
corner said, "Mr. Grampound
and I are just good friends. I
admire the work he has done for
Sopping Overcoat, particularly the
opening of the model railway in
the old brewery yard, and the
aluminum pump in the tomato-
market."

"It is true he sent me some
flowers, but that was because the
bouquet my secretary had ordered
to be sent to the Town Clerk for
presentation to me was eaten by

a goat behind the Corn Exchange.
My career will always come first
with me. My future plans? Next
week I am to be Miss Ab-
senteeism at Buckleworth."

Little Bo-Pest

"Dad-dy, why are all the cryp-
to-Com-mun-ists in the House of
Com-mons look-ing so mis-er-ab-
le?"

"They made ra-ther a mess of
their or-ders the oth-er day, boy."

"Whose or-ders?"

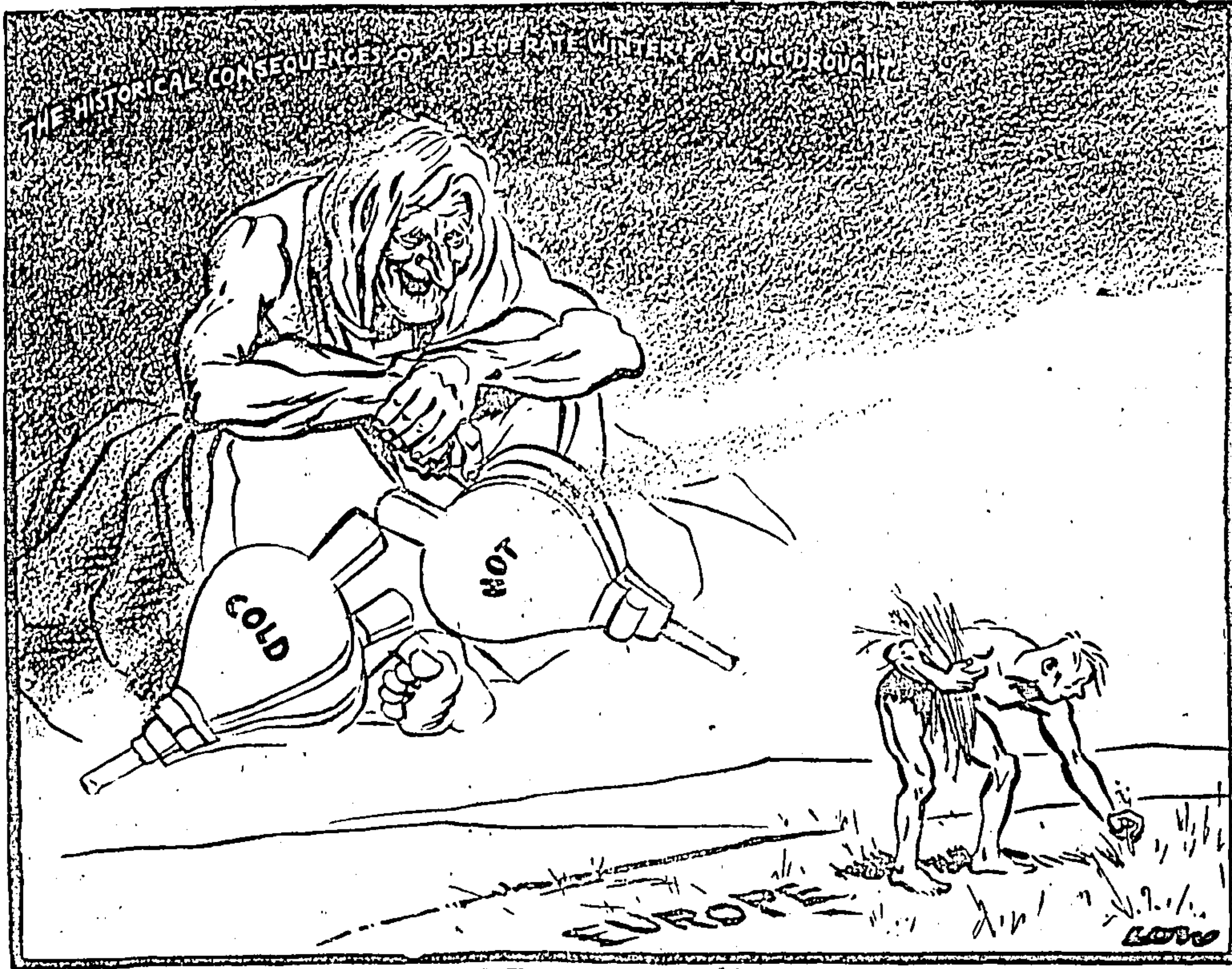
"Well — they — that is — you
see —"

"Their con-silt-u-ents' or-ders,
dad-dy?"

"No. Not quite. You see, their
or-ders come from—well—oh, go
to bed, boy."

I don't see why

DR STRABISMUS (Whom God
Preserve) of Utrecht has in-
vented a waterproof trouserpress,
for pressing trousers under water.
It was tested by a waterproof
diviner with his little hazel twig.
Every time he came near a water-
proof trouserpress, the twig jump-
ed out of his hand.



MOTHER NATURE'S JOKE

(Copyright in All Countries)

FAR EAST AND PACIFIC ROUND-UP

I HAD this letter from an
Anglo-Burman, an intelli-
gent graduate of Rangoon
University, that handsome Bri-
tish gift to the East:

"You will be surprised to
hear I am planning to leave
Burma and settle in Australia.
... Things are getting worse
here and life will be unbearable
when power is fully transferred
to some men now in office."

I was surprised. This man is
better than half-Burman and
even as recently as May, when
I left Rangoon, he was full of
hope (as I was) for his country.

His letter continued: "The
ruling Burmans, with complete
freedom at hand, are doing
their utmost to make things
difficult for us so-called 'white
faces'. The Government is now
functioning behind two rows of
barbed-wire strung round the
secretariat after Aung San was
shot."

IN CONSTANT FEAR

"Ministers themselves are
living in constant fear. Each
has his own armed bodyguard,
which follows him everywhere.
Their homes, like the secre-
tariat, are enclosed with bar-
bed wire and constantly guarded
by members of the newly
formed Striking Force."

"Freedom of expression is
becoming a thing of the past.
One cannot criticise the Govern-
ment without risking—and the
risk is real—the active dis-
pleasure of Ministers."

HERE'S THE TRUTH ABOUT BURMA

Then came this comment
which will astonish Britons at
home: "Many of us, Govern-
ment as well as commercial, feel
we have been let down by the
British Government and are
resentful of the way in which
we have been treated."

DISCREET MOCKING

No, we still are not popular
in Burma. Even the tiny ad-
ministrative upper crust, riding
the country in late-model Bri-
tish saloons given them by
your Government, which is
propping up this Administra-
tion, mock discreetly Britain's
"waning" strength and influ-
ence. Meanwhile, the majority
of this peasant people live un-
easily from curfew to curfew,
and wonder what new terror
tomorrow holds for them.

Malaya I know little. Singapore,
as I've seen the three times I've
been there, is steadily improving.
There is more in the shops and
on the streets, and lessening dis-
content among European and Chinese
residents. Prices compared with
pre-war are high, as they are in Hong-
kong—but nowhere near as steep as
in Manila or Shanghai.

In Java, and nearby Islands,
where I've just spent a month, we
are middle-of-the-roads and
equally unpopular with Dutch and

Indonesians. The Dutch at open-air
verandahs are just as unwavering
in their belief that, but for the arrival
of the British, the Dutch today
would be out of Indonesia. Neither
the Dutch nor the Indonesians listen
when you venture reasonably that
Mountbatten's job was not to beat
down the Indonesians or restore the
Dutch, but simply to set free the
people interned during the war and
to disarm the Japanese troops.

MOUNTBATTEN'S JOB

The next stone both sides throw
at us is what they call British sup-
port of the smuggling trade with
Malaya. The Dutch claim this is
stealing the wealth of Sumatra and
Java, and the Indonesians wall to
Mahomed about the high prices they
must pay for the tawdry-trade goods
sneaked in as payment for the sea,
tobacco, spices, and other Indonesian
products that do beat the Dutch
blockade.

When you point out that the
smuggling is almost wholly a
Chinese adventure they retort that
Singapore authorities condone the

traffic, and isn't Singapore under
British rule,?

Even in green Fiji, far out in the
Central Pacific, we have harsh critics,
as well as many friends. Not least
among the critics are the planters,
who smart at memory of the pre-
ferential prices the British Food
Ministry paid the Philippines and
Ceylon for the copra that is Fiji's
main export.

"Trading one part of the Empire
against another," was what they
said about the higher price Ceylon
got for its copra: what they said
about the highest rate of all, that
paid in dollars to the Philippines, wouldn't
pass the office censor.

New Zealand and Australia are
always a relief. There may be policy
criticisms, and strikes that some-
times hold up food ships, but every-
where you meet good people an-
xious about the welfare of Britain
and eager to find new ways of
helping and new delicacies to in-
clude in the hundreds of thousands
of individual food parcels, going to
all parts of the United Kingdom.

NORFOLK AND TONGA

Two places I almost forgot...two
of the happiest in the world. Nor-
folk Island, where there's no income
tax, plenty to eat, and many tall
pines on cliffs above the blue Pacific.
And Tonga, where no one can
starve, where even people without
a sixpence have red flowers in their
hair and songs to sing under the
palms. Britons at home are just a
dream to most people on Norfolk
and Tonga. Because they have not
been harried or hungry or cold
within human memory, they can
hardly imagine what the words
mean.

Yet restless young men on both
Norfolk and Tonga asked about jobs
in the outside world, and schoolgirls
sought pen friends in Britain.

BREAD-BASKET INTO DUST BOWL

• By ARTHUR WEBB

WASHINGTON.

A GRAVE crisis is developing in the United
States—the world's bread basket. Alarm-
ing reports are coming from the great
prairies that fed millions during past years.

For after seven autumns of abundance,
with record crops, farmers in the fertile, tree-
less plains of the Middle West are again
turning over the pages of "The Grapes of
Wrath," with its petrifying stories of how
hundreds of square miles became a great
deserted dustbowl.

They fear it is going to happen again.
Drought is drying up vast areas of Kansas,
while Oklahoma will be no green and pleasant
setting for a musical comedy unless rain falls
soon on its parched acres.

In Nebraska, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado
and Texas, too, wheat growers are reading the
weather forecasts as avidly as they do the Chica-
go market reports, which tell how their recent
crops are changing hands for three dollars a
bushel.

They fear next year will be barren. Springs
are drying up; ploughed land cannot be seeded
and hovering over them is the threat of dust
storms like those in the "Thirties which took
top soil and scattered it over a score of States.

Then towns a thousand miles away were
covered with "black snow." The days became
as black as night as millions of tons were swept
from the farmlands.

While Sir John Orr was describing to the
World Food Council in Washington the break-
down of the system that served the world in
prewar days, the weather bureau in the Middle
West reiterated the monotonous and gloomy
refrain, "No rain."

That has been repeated daily since July.
And no rain means no wheat next year. It means
no bread next year for millions of Europeans
unless quick action is taken elsewhere.

Minor dust storms have already occurred in
some areas and, if they become general, valuable
seed that has already been sown in expectation
of rain will vanish with the soil.

Desolate Fields

THOUSANDS of farmers are looking at mile
after mile of dead grass that should be graz-
ing cattle and at desolate fields that this time last
year were green with the first shoots of the
winter wheat.

Modern methods of soil conservation—con-
tour planting, the growing of trees as wind
barriers, and the building of dams—may save
older farmers, but more than a million acres of
new land have been broken up during the past
few years by what are known as suitcase
farmers.

These speculators bought land during the
depression for five dollars an acre and during the
boom years have been making fortunes.

They moved in with great caterpillar trac-
tors pulling countless rows of ploughs and turn-
ed as much as one hundred acres an hour.

They were out for quick profits—and they
got them.

Today, however, their farmlands are the most
vulnerable to the duststorms because they ignored
all soil preservation lessons.

The storms could wipe out thou-
sands of farmers who have shed
some £7,000,000,000 this year—four
times what they would have made
after a good pre-war harvest.

Nightmares

NOW they are having nightmares.
For their security may vanish in
a cloud of dust. They may have to
cancel those unfulfilled orders for
new cars and new farm machinery.
It is not just a crisis affecting the
Middle West. It is one that can
involve half of the world. And it
would wreck the Marshall Plan.

Europe's millions in the bread
queues are unaware that their pre-
sent plight will be paradise to what
can follow the failure of America's
wheat crop next year.

Even if the rains come quickly
it is doubtful if the United States
will be able to export next year as
much as this year.

Hence immediate bold concerted
world action becomes "Hal. The
world cannot afford further delays
or half-measures.

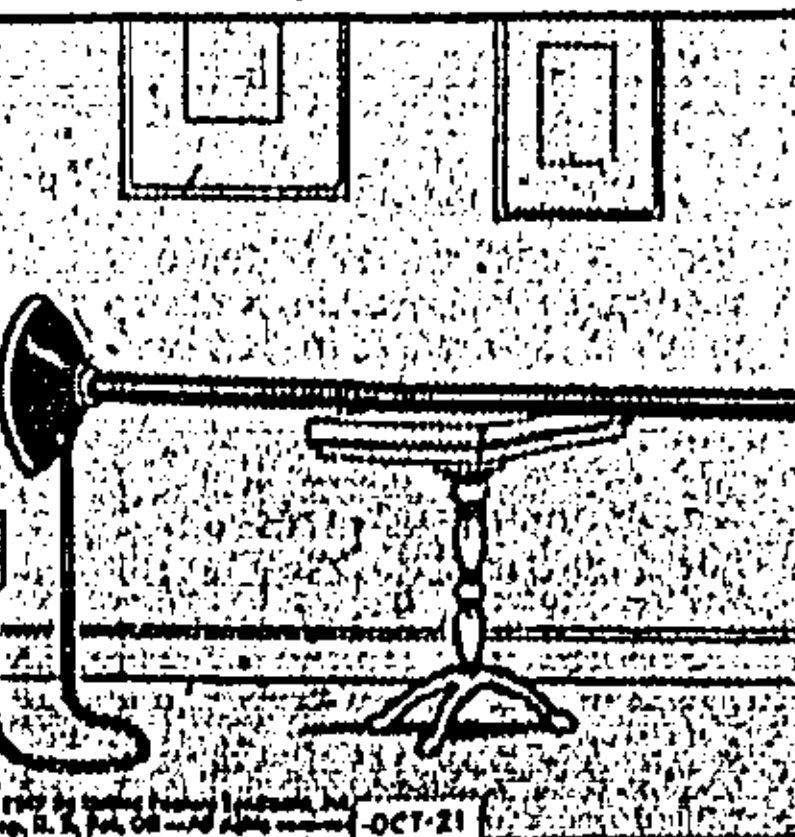
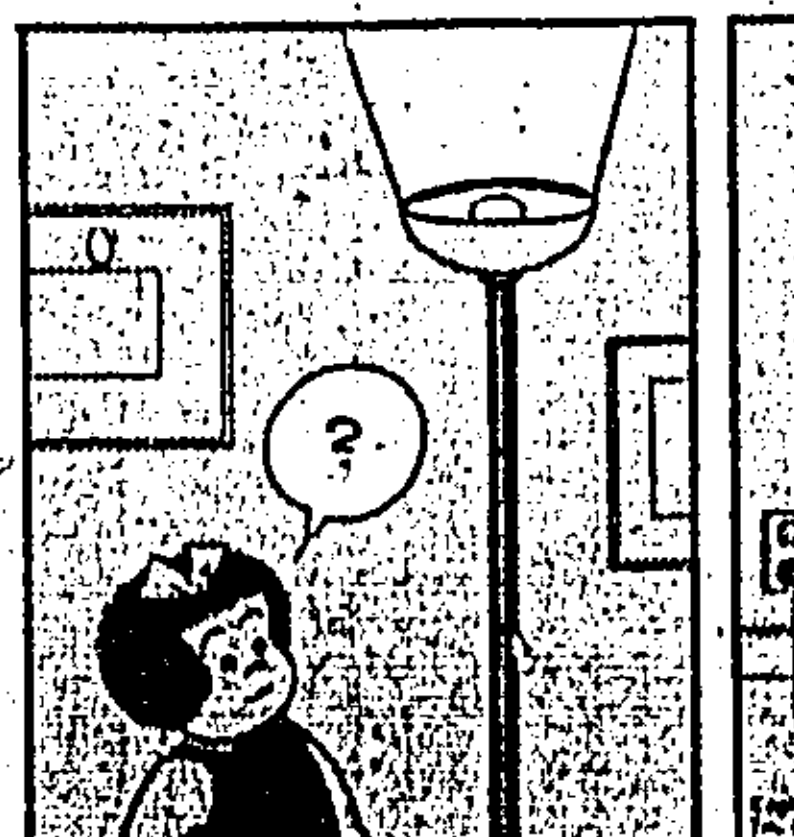
POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



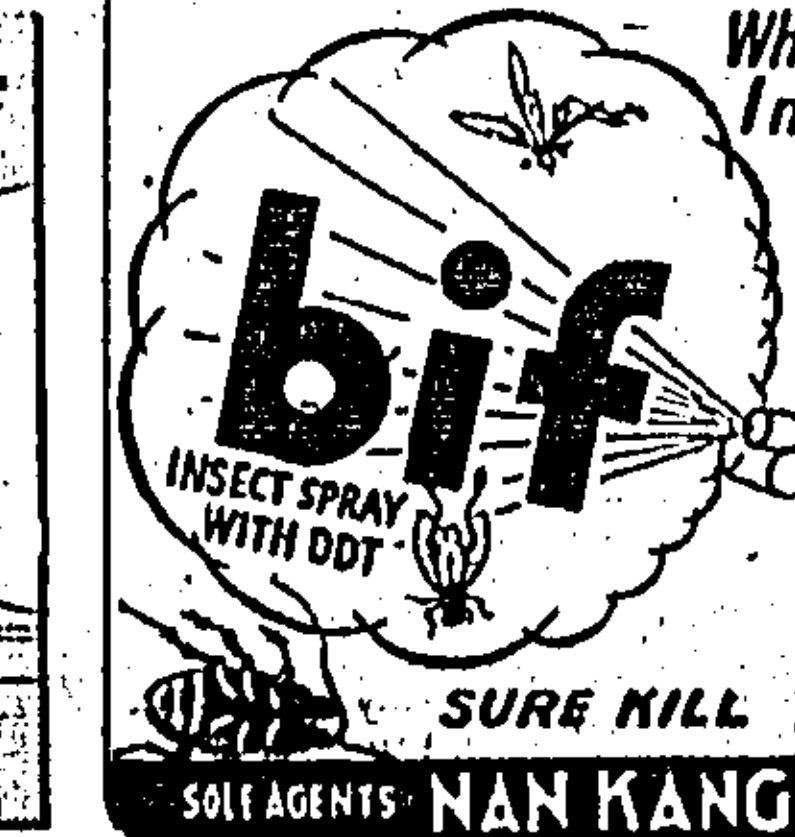
"I'm trying my best, Sir
'Emery, to persuade myself
a buffet's as good as a
banquet, but it's uphill
work!"

NANCY Why Not?

NANCY—GO IN AND
SEE THE NEW
TORCH LAMP
I BOUGHT



By Ernle Bushmiller



When there's bif

I needn't use my fist!

bif

INSECT SPRAY WITH DOT

SURE KILL

SOLE AGENTS NAN KANG CO., UNION BLDG. K.

